

DESERT STORM

ELECTRONIC PRESS-KIT 2014

WEBSITE

FACEBOOK

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RHYTHM GUITAR BASS GUITAR VOCALS LEAD GUITAR DRUMS

Hard and heavy blues rockers Desert Storm boast gigantic riffs, sludge and blues grooves.

The five piece operation first formed in 2007, hitting the Oxford music scene with full force.
They are now repeatedly tearing up cities across the Globe.

They have performed at events as the Bulldog Bash (UK), Roadkill (BEL),
DesertFest (UK), Dutch Doom Days (NL), Hard Rock Hell (UK), LMSE Festival (NL),
Brisfest (UK) and Hammerfest (UK).

Desert Storm have played and toured alongside the following roster of artists:
Corrosion of Conformity, Truckfighters, CKY, Red Fang, Orange Goblin, Karma To Burn, Weedeater, Honky,
Peter Pan Speedrock, Nashville Pussy, Acid King, Nick Oliveri, Taint, Black Spiders, Turbowolf and Zoroaster.



HORIZONTAL LIFE

'Thunderous, high grade stoner rock' **METAL HAMMER MAGAZINE**

'Desert Storm's European dates are booked. 2013 is shaping up nicely' **FRONT MAGAZINE**

'Punishing, paving slab-sized chunks of sludge [...] epic, ethereal head-fucks' **ROCK-A-ROLLA MAGAZINE**

'If there's any justice in the world, should see the gospel of Desert Storm reach the masses' **BIG CHEESE MAGAZINE**

'An avalanche of face-melting, gargantuan groove: the kind that makes you scrunch up your cheeks' **POWER PLAY MAGAZINE**

Mastered by Billy Anderson (Melvins, High On Fire, Orange Goblin, EyehateGod etc).

DESERT STORM

Desert Storm have just released their second album, *Horizontal Life*, which was mastered by Billy Anderson (Melvins,

Orange Goblin). With several UK tours under their belt alongside Karma To Burn and Honky, Desert Storm's

European dates are booked. 2013 is shaping up nicely.

FOR FANS OF: Black Sabbath, Clutch.



Front Magazine

DESERT STORM

"Horizontal Life"

Genre: Rock/Metal/Blues/Psychedelic
Blindsight Records



Oxford stoner rockers Desert Storm have been making a name for themselves across the country by way of their nuclear live shows, support to the likes of Orange Goblin, Black Spiders and Turbowolf and tours with cult stoner legends Karma To Burn. After the success of debut "*Forked Tongues*", the quintet are back with sophomore effort

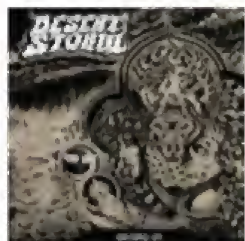
"*Horizontal Life*" – and it's one hell of a ride. The crunch is harder, the riffs are bigger and the product is tighter. It's an avalanche of face-melting, gargantuan groove: the kind that makes you scrunch up your cheeks and eat them in utter madness. Stoner and sludge vibes are peppered with psychedelic effects and sombre bluesy twiddles, bound by a more confident signature sound and refined craftsmanship. Kyuss, Eyehategod and The Sword spark a drunken brawl with Down, Clutch and Mastodon, for a mash of beards and muscular melodies that will corrupt and lure any devout or verging fan of the pentatonic. Veterans lucky enough to have caught them on record or live so far: be warned that this is tenfold what you've experienced previously. Virgins: be warned that you'll be investing a lot of time – and ear-energy – into these gents. A cracking album.

POWERPOINTS: ①②③④⑤⑥⑦⑧⑨

RHIANNON MARLEY

DESERT STORM

HORIZONTAL LIFE
(BLINDSIGHT)



While Oxford's stoner miscreants haven't forgotten how to lay down a killer riff in the two years since *Forked Tongues*,

they've sure learned a thing or two about heaviness. There's plenty of blues-heavy rock to nod along to but the likes of Shenzhen are punishing, paving slab-sized chunks of sludge while Titan's cosmic ascendancy shows equal aptitude for epic, ethereal head-fucks. A devastating return.

DAVID BOWES

Rock-A-Rolla Magazine

Power Play Magazine

DESERT STORM

'Horizontal Life'

(Blindsight)

Three albums in – if you include 2008's self-titled album-length debut CD – and with a tour support to Karma To Burn under their belts, as well as playing alongside Orange Goblin, Weedeater and Turbowolf, Desert Storm are indisputably Premier League title contenders as far as the local metal scene goes. Their chief weapon remains the ability to take riffs, grooves and a sense of broiling rage that's as old as time itself and make them sound fresh and exciting again, grind their edges til they're sharp and incisive once more.

Four of the songs on 'Horizontal Life' featured on that debut CD, but since Desert Storm are plainly in no mood to change their winning formula, we guess such things don't matter too much in the grand scheme of things. The grand scheme of thing here mainly being a spring tide of riffs that were doubtless forged in some demonic pleasure palace and crash relentlessly over every song til all you can do is succumb. Here be Sabbath, Hendrix and Led Zeppelin in excelsis, exhumed, scuzzed up and sent over the top into battle.

'Horizontal Life' hits you hard from the off, 'Word To The Wiseman' a towering beast that's full pelt out of the blocks, Matt Ryan sounding like he's singing while chewing on a T-Rex steak marinated in molten lava. Seriously there's a couple of times in the album you can hear the phlegm rattling in his throat as he growls his lines, full of menace, like a backwoods hick with a rusty meathook in his back pocket that's got your name on it. He's at his best on titanic blues numbers like 'Astral Planes', where you can almost feel the warm, stale whisky fumes on your face, or 'Enslaved In The Icy Tundra', a song that feels heavy enough to develop its own gravitational field.

Not that it's all rampaging orc-core. The eleven-minute 'Titan' starts off like a chug-a-boogie juggernaut but slips down into an elongated pastoral passage, closer to Pink Floyd's spacier psychedelia, providing respite from the preceding storm. However, when they attempt to repeat the trick on the ponderous 'Gaia', it feels like the album's running out of steam. Certainly it could do to lose a good ten minutes of its hour-plus running time, but come 'Hofmann', and the monstrous 'Scorpion', Desert Storm are back at their beastly best, rolling stoner riffs the chariot in which Ryan's crazed southern Baptist preacher rides once again into battle.

Like the mountains, Desert Storm are vast and unyielding, and you, wretch, are puny and insignificant in their shadow. So bow down before their awesomeness.

Dale Kattack



DESERT STORM

HORIZONTAL LIFE

(Blindsight)

Second album from the Oxford stoner crew.

8/10

Desert Storm have to be one of the hardest working UK rock bands and this follow-up to their debut, 'Forked Tongues', should see that graft pay off. With a bluesy guitar groove worthy of a Clutch record, 'Horizontal Life' rocks and rolls with huge slabs of riffs. Vocalist Matt Ryan's rasp falls between Orange Goblin's Ben Ward and Clutch's Neil Fallon and compliments the great stoner backdrop provided by the rest of the band. 'Horizontal Life', if there's any justice in this world, should see the gospel of Desert Storm reach the masses.

Miles Hackett



Desert Storm

HORIZONTAL LIFE

| BLINDSIGHT |

Thunderous, high grade stoner rock from Oxford

From the city of dreaming spires – Oxford – via some spit-stained, whiskey-soaked, hog-wild Texas roadhouse, this fried five-piece (not to be confused with at least three other Desert Storms out there) offer stomping, stoner metal on their second album. Think Clutch and Kyuss with a bit of weed-era Orange Goblin and Corrosion Of Conformity. Although openers *Word To The Wise Man* and *Shadow Of An Eagle* have a by-the-numbers feel about them, the album gets heavier, more expansive and more interesting as it rolls on. *Astral Planes* and *No Slave To Master* – a sludgy ode to the holy herb complete with bong 'solo' – begin to shift the balance towards the darker, Pantera-on-Valium vibe that dominates the rest of the record. Aside from the change of pace offered by semi-acoustic number *Gaia*, it's thunder and earthquakes all the way. *Horizontal Life* is

7 too long, but it packs a powerful punch.

GREG MOFFITT

Nightshift Magazine

Big Cheese Magazine

Metal Hammer Magazine



FORKED TONGUES

'The wider world should appreciate this scorching debut' **CLASSIC ROCK MAGAZINE**

'There are moments of pure class on this album' **POWER PLAY MAGAZINE**

'Yup, Big, phat, juicy stoner riffs are the name of the game here' **TERRORIZER MAGAZINE**

'The riffs are thick with groove [...] brooding acoustics [...] and dynamic doom' **GUITARIST MAGAZINE**

'Forked Tongues' is wrapped so deep in grooves and tobacco-chewing cowboy attitude it hurts' **DEVOLUTION MAGAZINE**



Also out:

Lars Haavard Haugen
Six Strings And The Truth
★★★★★ Capitol

Masterful instrumental country blues – this is a guitar album worthy of every player's time. Lars' melodicism is the difference. The Hellbills guitarist applies experience to arrangements that are songs not technical demonstrations, and the exposed 65 Amps-fuelled tone lays his talents bare. [DH]

Strunz And Farah
Journey Around The Sun
★★★★★ Selva

13 albums in and the picks of Strunz and Farah are as strong as ever. Mixing world music, flamenco and jazz, the virtuosic nylon stringers (plus band) have fire, lyricism and rhythmic intrigue in spades. Raggle Taggle and Amber And Musk are among the nine tracks guaranteed to drop jaws. [JS]

Desert Storm
Forked Tongues
★★★★ Buried In Smoke

These aspiring Oxfordshire stoner metallers ooze their influences – and when those inspirations are Down and Clutch that's no bad thing. The riffs are thick with groove and the pummelling South We Roll, brooding acoustics of Connected and dynamic doom of the title track, show potential. [DH]

Duff McKagan's Loaded
The Taking
★★★★ Armoury

The former Gunner takes guitar and vocal duty again on Loaded's third album, a mix of melodic rockers and heavier, more punk-tinged fare. Despite McKagan's voice better suiting the punkier numbers, it's the songs which are easier on the ear that live longer in the memory. [PR]

These aspiring Oxfordshire stoner metallers ooze their influences – and when those inspirations are Down and Clutch that's no bad thing. The riffs are thick with groove and the pummelling South We Roll, brooding acoustics of Connected and dynamic doom of the title track show potential. [DH]

Guitarist Magazine

Desert Storm

Forked Tongues Buried In Smoke



Who'd have thought living in Oxford could make you so angry? With Matt Ryan threatening to "fuck you up from the inside" and Chris White's bombastic blues-metal riffs sounding like Rage jabbing Page with a cattle-prod, this couldn't be further from scarves and bicycles. Don't expect to be handed the keys to the city, boys, but the wider world should appreciate this scorching debut.



Classic Rock Magazine

DESERT STORM FORKED TONGUES

This needed to happen. It takes a band like Desert Storm to roll off of the conveyor belt every once in a while to reassure you that original genre-reliant music can still be made, and made on these shores. Every last second of 'Forked Tongues' is wrapped so deep in grooves and tobacco-chewing cowboy attitude it hurts. And thankfully, this album is a game of two halves. On the one hand, 'Smokes n' Liquor' and opener 'Cosmic Drips' instantly draw smiles and flex the neck muscles with gorgeous southern-fried riffs and the gruff exhale of vocalist Matt Ryan. But an altogether darker band lay in wait, chugging down from a great height on numbers such as 'South We Roll' and the lyrically impressive title track, complete with stirring clean intro. It's easy to hear cries ringing of 'Down!' or 'Corrosion!' but there lies a perhaps an acute British-ness which sells identity here. Although this is far from the perfect album (the bass needs plugging in, seriously fellas!) that one can imagine Desert Storm will go on to write, it's a great fire starter, and may their whiskey-soaked ruckus continue.

www.myspace.com/experiencethestorm

By David 'Boo' Leneghan

Devolution Magazine



**DESERT STORM'S
FORKED TONGUES
...FULL OF FEELING AND
PACKED WITH PLENTY
OF AGGRESSION...**

Rock Society Magazine

Time for some earthy stoner rock from Oxford based **DESERT STORM**. Right from the thick meaty guitar tone on opening track Cosmic Drips with its catchy riff and vocals that must come from a dark damp pit somewhere in Oxfordshire. 'The Jackal' has some nice vocals that have a hook that sticks in your mind with their rhythm and delivery. It is full of feeling and packed with plenty of aggression, title track 'Forked Tongues' saying "A preacher started yelling so I slapped his face raw, and when he turned the other cheek I broke his fucking jaw", gets to the point with no frills. The album has an American blues/rock influence as well as some classic British heavy touches which all add to the mix for a great album that has this issues **GOLDEN TOMBSTONE AWARD**.

'Smokes n Liquor') but on the whole there's enough here to suggest that Desert Storm will be well worth keeping an eye on in the future.

POWERPOINTS: ①②③④⑤⑥

MIK GAFFNEY

DESERT STORM

"Forked Tongues"
Genre: Stoner
Buried In Smoke



They wear their influences on their sleeves this lot: Down, Clutch, Orange Goblin are all reference points on the accomplished debut from the UK's Desert Storm. There are moments of pure class on this album. The brooding title track, the bruising punch of the fantastic "South We Roll" and the excellent opener "Cosmic Drops" are all fine examples of what the band do best. There are other cuts that don't maintain this high standard ("Ol Town",

Power Play Magazine

RELEASED

sponsored by

DESERT STORM

'Forked Tongues'

(Buried In Smoke)

"A preacher started yelling / So I slapped his face raw / When he turned the other cheek to me / I broke his fucking jaw."

That's how you write a proper lyric, people. God, we love Desert Storm. When their debut album landed on our doormat last year we got a bit giddy about the band's fresh, brutal take on stoner rock, trad metal and psychedelia but assumed they were grizzled old bastards with giants beards and their own tankard hanging above the bar in some biker dive. Witnessing them live shortly after and realising they were all barely out of their teens and yet still making the sort of noise you'd expect from an army of Vikings at the end of a particularly debauched victory feast, simply served to compound the unbridled adoration we felt for them. And so here they are, back with a second album; forty minutes of gloriously hellish gutter blues and rampant riffage. From the rolling opening powerchord and Matt Ryan's biblically grizzled vocal growl, they rarely let up on the pressure, while never taking their eye off the ball - there's no resting on their riffs or grooves. Even the monstrously grinding 'Cosmic Drips' features lighter shades, Lauren Hayes' sweeter backing vocals adding a silver lining to the band's boiling storm clouds.

'Ol Town' finds Desert Storm driving their wagon train into the deep south, Matt, like Mephisto Grande's Liam Ings-Reeves, summoning his inner hellfire Baptist preacher to come on like Captain Beefheart kidnapped by Kyuss. But soon after he's hollerin' like a Hellspawn about battering that ol'



preacher man in the album's title track and you're getting the idea these aren't folks you'd want to get on the wrong side of.

While most of 'Forked Tongues' grinds ominously and unrelentingly, when they drop down a few notches on 'Connected' they show a completely different, but equally powerful side to their armour, Chris White and Ryan Cole giving their fretboards some respite and some space, laying it down more tenderly on an almost folksy psychedelic incantation, while album closer 'Pocketwatch' mixes country and blues together into a Stygian brew that's closer to Tom Waits.

What Desert Storm do best though, is rock to the max. While they are firmly in the stoner-metal camp, they're also willing and able to look outwards and draw in different styles to keep their sound fresh. So learn to love them. Otherwise they'll break your fucking jaw. And you know what? You'll damn well deserve it.

Dale Kattack

Nightshift Magazine

BLOGS

Below is a selection of the online album reviews.

Horizontal Life

- [‘Deadly Stoner Rock with fat juicy riffs in a southern-tinged style.’ — Canadian Stoner Metal](#)
- [‘This one’s gonna get some serious rotation. Awesome from start to finish.’ — Ear Munchies](#)
- [‘Desert Storm have really nailed it with Horizontal Life.’ — Echoes and Dust](#)
- [‘Dirty rock n roll, served with plenty of chutzpah and a side order of filthy riff making.’ — Ghost Cult](#)
- [‘This is the sound of a band who really have their shit together.’ — Heavy Planet](#)
- [‘One of those delicacies of 2013 that will be impossible to forget.’ — La Habitación 235 \(Spain\)](#)
- [‘Horizontal Life is an absolutely monstrous album.’ — Music In Oxford](#)
- [‘Booze-drenched, heavy-riffing, good-time rock n’ roll.’ — Ninehertz](#)
- [‘The band maintains a singular identity but fearlessly ventures into unexpected places.’ — Paranoid Hitsophrenic](#)
- [‘Desert Storm are my fave band currently from the UK Sludge, Doom, Stoner Underground.’ — Sludgelord](#)
- [‘A piece of gold in my ears.’ — Stoner Head Let Groove Your Brains Tonight](#)
- [‘Putting a great many established bands to shame, long may they continue.’ — Ringmaster Review](#)
- [‘Desert Storm may soon be trading a Horizontal Life for a vertical climb.’ — The Sleeping Shaman](#)
- [‘A sound that fits like a dirty, weathered, leather glove.’ — Uber Rock](#)
- [‘I really would urge all to own this beast of an album right now.’ — When Planets Collide](#)

Forked Tongues

- [‘It’s clear that this is a band who know how to craft a riff.’ — Cack Blabbath](#)
- [‘The whole shit just grooves along without a care in the world.’ — Echoes and Dust](#)
- [‘Gigantic riffs and a groove that will have your head bobbing from the first track.’ — Heavy Planet](#)
- [‘Muscular musicianship, solid catchy riffs and strong vocals.’ — Mass Movement](#)
- [‘Saddam will be likely to end up soiling himself in his grave when these lads ride over him.’ — Metalville](#)
- [‘Bluster and stoner RAWK swagger.’ — Ninehertz](#)
- [‘Proper down n dirty rock man!’ — Ninehertz \(2\)](#)
- [‘Riff filled groove orgy of the highest calibre.’ — Planet Fuzz](#)
- [‘Scuzzy, liquor soaked, dusty and crazed sound that is Desert Storm.’ — Red Hot Velvet](#)
- [‘These stoner sludge tracks are frickin’ awesome!’ — Rock Regeneration](#)
- [‘THE musical experience of your life.’ — Rock Times \(Germany\)](#)
- [‘They show balls and skill and deliver a big dose of fat, thick and heavy riff rock.’ — Sludge Swamp](#)
- [‘Classic balls-to-the-wall Stoner/Doom Metal.’ — Sludgelord](#)
- [‘A tasty dish of groove metal spiced up with some serious stoner.’ — Stoner Hive](#)
- [‘Tidal wave of fantastic riffs, strong, well constructed songs.’ — The Sleeping Shaman](#)
- [‘New, unexpected and delightful.’ — This Is Not A Scene](#)
- [‘Slow burning their own trail with their moody, grubby rock.’ — Uber Rock](#)



LIVE



Next up is **Desert Storm**, a band I've never managed to see live, despite their presence on the scene for some time now. I assume my position in anticipation. The band erupt into an insanely groovy, infectious riff that has me grinning from ear to ear, head banging and the sorrow of Black Elephant long forgotten. When accompanied with a vocal so gruff it makes Neil Fallon sound like a distressed sea gull there's no denying the band have the full attention of the crowd. No mean feat when the promise of Red Fang is only moments away. As their set progresses the band demonstrate another element in their arsenal, the final three tracks are an all out assault which borders the divide between **Pantera** and **Orange Goblin** – an impressive display, it would be easy to forget they hail from Oxford, not Texas. Fan favourite "Enslaved in the Icy Tundra" closes the set, whetting the appetite of the crowd as they await the mighty headline act. Desert Storm are certainly a band I'll be watching closely. One negative point? No serious beard action. Minus ten points.

It's only when Desert Storm come on stage that I realise I've been hanging out with the boys next door with some mutual friends for a few predinks, and when they mentioned going along to Sound Control it hadn't dawned on me that it was for their warm-up set. Well, feeling a bit stupid is nothing new for me.

Desert Storm are a perfect lead in to K2B with their highly distinguished stoner rock sound that lends obvious inspiration from predecessors the likes of Kyuss and Sludge legends EyeHateGod. Their set is cram packed with heavy riffs showcasing their impressively unique bluesy twist on the favoured vibe of the evening. On first listen their front man does sound quite a lot like John Garcia but it's by no means forced and who'd not give their right arm to sound like Garcia, right? Someone I was with likened his gravelly tones to a harder Oscar the Grouch, and even though I love the thought of a metal makeover of Sesame Street, I believe the only current vacancy is for a 'The Count' sound-a-like so I'm sticking with the Garcia similarities for the time being.



Oxford's Desert Storm are a new one us at RTM, but not for long, if the tunes they play are anything to go by. Straddling the same type of riffs as our favourites Orange Goblin, they are tremendously entertaining. During their set they become the first band we have ever seen who asks for the strobe lights to be turned off as they were epileptic and one of the only non-death metal band to attempt a track called "Enslaved In The Icy Tundra." The band are back in September, supporting Peter Pan Speedrock at the same venue, and you really need to check them out.

Following the two Birmingham based openers onto the stage were **Desert Storm**, a southern soul fried swamp crew from Oxford. These fellas were the liveliest bunch of the night with a satisfying sludge sound which seemed to get heavier the more they played.

Vocalist Matt has a naturally earthy voice that croaks when he talks as well as sings and the powerful rhythm section cut grooves into the air with some mammoth rasping riffs. Desert Storm certainly gave a good account of themselves at the Asylum raising the tempo nicely before **Karma To Burn** stepped up.



Oxford blues metallers Desert Storm are the tour support for the UK leg of this tour, and on tonight's evidence it's a successful tour for these hard working young bluesy stoners.

Their brand of stoner-tinged blues metal gets a great reception here tonight, and rightly so. This band pack a powerful punch, knock out some quality riffs and have a hell of a lot of groove going on in the rhythm section. In places they remind me of Clutch which is no bad thing at all.



Oxford's own Desert Storm bought their particular brand of Stoner Metal to the Anvil. These guys have some kicking tunes in their arsenal. With their earlier stuff sounding like Clutch



Neon Tigers 1-2



Desert Storm 1-2-3-4-5-6

meets Down, they showed that their new material has a more progressive aggressive edge to it, reminiscent of the mighty Mastodon. With lots of technical breaks and giant rolling guitars, flattening everything in their path. A good band on the way to greatness

Choosing the right opening act for the whole tour is an important and sometimes tricky decision, but this time it's UK stoner rockers Desert Storm and we couldn't think of a band that would fit in any better.

Desert Storm is five guys from Oxford and being influenced by such bands like Kyuss, Clutch and Black Sabbath they have been playing together since 2007. There is more to their sound than just stoner riffs and sludge grooves. It is the blues melodies and Led Zeppelin influenced riffs, as well as the deep and growling vocals that make Desert Storm a lot more than just another up and coming act. Their performance is convincing and it attracts even the most sceptical people in the crowd putting them in the right mood for Karma to Burn.



to come. Any respectable stoner bill seems incomplete without **Desert Storm**, and tonight they leave tremors in their wake and prepare the ground for the grand finale of the night. Keeping

becoming the hottest name on the lips of 2013's quality music fans. Elbowing through a heaving joint of middle-aged men decked in beer and BO, I was greeted by Oxford's Desert Storm. With tumbling, bluesy melodies and irreverent presence, think Clutch and The Sword tussling Electric Wizard and Mastodon. In his Gallagher-esque hooded Parka, frontman Matt Ryan bopped his five-piece to the approval of onlookers: pints sloshed to rhythms, while nodding heads looked suitably impressed. From surrounding dialogue, it seemed that Desert Storm had been followed by many here for some time, and that their being chosen to support the likes of Goblin was inevitable. If you like your tunes muscular and of typhoid infectiousness, then they're well worth checking out.



1) It's a shame there aren't more people around to see Desert Storm as the few who are get treated to a blues metal riff fest of epic proportions. These young Oxford dudes may look (almost) clean cut, but the music is whiskey-soaked and fighting in backstreets. And the vocals! "Gargling gravel," is oft used to describe this kind of singing, but singer Matt probably thinks gravel is for pussies and goes for breezeblocks instead.



undersmile

Considering they had 'desert' in their name itself, UK-based rockers **Desert Storm** stole the show by bringing back the golden old melodies filtering it with spaced out grooves, with vocals that were meant for the microphone. Gathering

together a lot of front row dancers, **Desert Storm** taught us how a party should be continued.

Sound Circus, Bournemouth



From Desert Storm

The Metal Hammer sponsored rock club Redeemer is held every Friday night at The Sound Circus in Bournemouth. The venue has a rocking reputation so we went along to check out the vibe! Unable to get to venue in time for the 2 support bands, Western Sand who I've seen several times and are always a class act and Brainsaw who I've yet to see, but have been reliably informed that they were very good!

Drinks in hand we headed to the stage to watch the whole blistering set from Oxford outfit Desert Storm. Thundering riffs and pounding drums was the perfect backdrop to the cigarettes and whisky drenched vocals delivered by their dishevelled front man.



I've seen Desert Storm a few times now, and their live performance just gets tighter with every gig!

They have a powerful Stoner Metal type of style that sounds like Corrosion Of Conformity, Black Label Society and the mighty Clutch going head to head at an Ultimate

Fighting competition! The crowd were well into it and they went down a storm (pun intended)!

Desert Storm's sort-of-thrash-metal laced with weed smoke was very much in fashion at the height of Pantera's success a few years back, and they have clearly drawn a good deal of inspiration from the (in)famous US rock monsters, right down to Matt on vocals who, albeit with an overcoat which makes him look like a Joy Division fan, appears to have borrowed Phil Anselmo's guttural roar. Metal is as metal does, to a certain extent, and Desert Storm don't rewrite the rulebook, but they do know when to drop in and out, and when to let the music chug on regardless. The playing is all extremely tidy, especially the drums, which are busy but incisive, just how we like them. It's not anything massively new or innovative, but they're plying their take on this part of the metal pantheon very well. The crowd got into the spirit of the thing, with something almost approaching a mosh pit breaking out; probably not entirely what the staff of Thirst were expecting from the Punt.



Desert Storm

Winnebago Deal

Desert Storm give us a glimpse of what we can expect at this summer's Bulldog Bash. The band treat a sizeable crowd to smashes of tight stoner rock; heavy-blues influenced metal that tilts Metallica thrash and Cathedral riffage on album favourites like 'Hoffman', while a new song stretches vocal legs beyond Clutch-centric growls. Priceless gut-punch headbanging dives from one of the finest rock'n'roll bands playing Oxfordshire at the moment.

Desert Storm made 70% of the audience dance, a spontaneous breakdance was even executed by a particularly adept member of the crowd. The Oxfordshire stoner groove band blasted the Underworld with constant melodious energy that created a constant itch to salsa embarrassingly while soaking up their toffee rich bass. A wholly converted audience demanded an extra song at the end of their set, a rare occurrence for a support band so low on the bill. This is certainly a band to keep an eye on if you like an injection of groove with your stoner metal.



Which brings us to the men of the moment, **Desert Storm** themselves. They opened with crowd favourite 'Old Town', Elliot Cole's truly booming drumbeat hailing a groove-riden song boasting a fantastic guitar hook and instantly dragging any fence-sitters to their feet. The night's set was primarily focused on material from their new album, featuring numbers such as 'Pocketwatch', a softer number which demonstrated the band's ability to explore new ground while still retaining the essence of their sound. 'Forked Tongues', the album's title track, was a highlight of the set. Starting out with the whole band punching out notes in unison in some uncountable time signature, Matt Ryan's beastly roaring gave way to a quietish guitar part, laced with a sense of evil foreboding. After some provocative lyrics from Ryan, he called the band together with a ferocious growl as they conjured one of their most menacing riffs to date. This song is truly a showcase of what the band can achieve, and is a good sign of what we can expect to follow: brutal stoner metal which is well thought out and executed with the highest degree of accuracy. To some that might sound self-contradictory, but Desert Storm's sound is convincing in every way, from the rhythmic intricacies to the blistering guitar solos. Along with the new pieces came a few old favourites: songs such as 'Cosmic Drips' and 'Astral Planes' have been in the band's catalogue for over a year, but still remain totally fresh, and never fail to get the crowd moving. So loved was the band's set that as the end of the night came, we started to hear the inevitable crowd chant of 'F**K THE HOUSE OF COMMONS'. Regular Storm-goers will know that this means only one thing: an encore of the band's thrashiest number, 'Liberty Capping'. Needless to say, the Storm know exactly how to make one final impact. As Matt Ryan bellowed the final aforementioned lyric, not one voice in the house refused to join him, bringing a riotous end to a set that was electrifying from start to finish. If ever they needed a good advert for buying their album, this was it.

By Richard Marshall.

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